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HUNTING OF CHEVY-CHASE.

Battle of Chevy Chase,

Fought by the Earl Piercy, a son to the present Duke of Northumberland, against the Earl of Douglas, in the Cheviot-Hills.



Printed this present Year.

The Hunting of Chevy-chace.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 our lives and safties all,
 A woeful hunting once there did
 on Chevy chace befall ;
 To drive the dear with hound and horn,
 Earl Piercy took his way,
 The child may rue that was unborn,
 the hunting of that day.
 The stout Earl of Northumberland,
 a vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 three summer days to take ;
 The choicest hearts in Chevy-chase,
 to kill and bear away ;
 These tidings to Earl Douglass came,
 in Scotland where he lay,
 Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
 he wou'd prevent the sport,
 The English Earl not fearing this,
 did to the woods resort,
 With twentie hundred bow-men bold,
 all clad in armes bright,
 Who knew full well in time of need
 to aim their shafts aright.
 The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
 to chace the fallow dear.
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 when day-light did appear,
 And long before high noon they had
 an hundred fat bucks slain ;
 Then having din'd the rovers went
 to rouse them up again.
 The bow-men muster'd on the hill,
 well able to endure,



Their back sides all with special care,
 that day was gyarded sure ;
 The hounds ran twifly through the wood,
 the nimble deer to take,
 And with their rings the hills and dales,
 an echo shrill'd make.
 Earl Piercy, the warry wight,
 to view what
 Quoth he, Earl Wemyss promised,
 this day to meet me here ;
 But if I thought he would not come,
 no longer wold I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 thus to the Earl did say,
 Lo, yonder doth Lord Douglass come,
 his men in armour bright,
 Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears
 all marching in our sight ;
 All pleasant men of Tivottdale
 dwell by the river Tweed,
 Then cease your sport, Earl Piercy said,
 and take your bows with speed,
 And now with me my countrymen,
 your courage to advance,
 For there was ne'er a champion yet,
 in Scotland nor in France,
 That ever did on horseback come,
 but if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter man for man
 with him to break a spear.
 Lord Douglass on a milk-white stean,
 most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 whose armour shone like gold ;
 Show me, said he, whose men ye be,
 that hunt so boldly here,

That without my consent do chace,
 and kill my fallow-deer.
 The first man that did answer make,
 was noble Piercy he,
 Who said, we list not to declare,
 nor know whose men we be
 Yet we will spend our de
 the choicest hearts to day
 Then Douglass swore a solemn oath,
 and thus in rage did say,
 E'er thus I will out braved be,
 one of us two shall die,
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
 Lord Piercy so am I ;
 But trust me, Piercy, pitty it were,
 and great offence to kill,
 Any of those our harmless men,
 for they have done no ill,
 Let me and thee the battle try,
 and lay our men aside,
 Accurst be he, said Earl Piercy,
 by whom it is deny'd.
 Then slept a gallant 'Squire forth,
 Whithrington by name,
 Who said he would not have it told,
 to Henry his king for shame,
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 and I stood looking on ;
 You be two Earls, said Whithrington,
 and I a 'Squire alone ;
 I'll do the best that I may do,
 while I have power to stand.
 While I have power to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart in hand ;
 Our Scottish archers bent their bows,
 their hearts were good and true,

At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full fourscore English flew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Douglass bade on the bent,
 A captain mov'd with meikle pride,
 His spear in shivers went.
 They clos'd fast on every side,
 no slackness there was found,
 And many a gallant gentleman
 lay gasping on the ground ;
 O but it was a grief to see,
 and likewise for to hear,
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 all scattered here and there ;
 At last these two stout Earls did meet,
 like chieftans of great might.
 Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,
 they made a cruel fight ;
 They fought until they both did sweat
 with swords of temper'd steel,
 Until the blood like drops of rain,
 they trinkling down did fall.
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglass said,
 in faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 by James our Scottish king ;
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 and this report of thee.
 Thou art the most gracious knight
 that ever I did see.
 No Douglass, quoth Lord Piercy then,
 thy proffer I do scorn,
 I will not yield to any Scot
 that ever yet was born ;
 With that there came an arrow keen,
 cut of an English bow,

Which struck Lord Douglas to the heart
 a deep and deadly blow ;
 Who never spoke more words than these,
 fight on my merry men all,
 For why my life is at an end,
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.
 Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
 the dead man by the hand,
 And said Lord Douglas for thy life,
 I would have lost my land,
 O ! but my very heart doth bleed
 with sorrow for thy sake,
 For sure a more renowned knight,
 mischance did never take.
 A knight among the Scots there was,
 who saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 upon Earl Piercy ;
 Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,
 who with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 rode fiercely through the fight,
 He past the English archers all,
 without e'er dread of fear,
 And through Earl Piercy's body then
 he thrust his hateful spear,
 With such a vehement force and might,
 he did his body gore ;
 The spear went through the other side,
 a large cloth yard and more.
 So thus did both these nobles die,
 who courage could not stain ;
 An English archer then perceiv'd,
 his noble Lord was slain,
 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 made of a trusty tree,

An arrow of a cloth-yards length,
 unto the head drew he ;
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
 To fight his shaft he set,
 They grey goose wings that were thereon,
 in his hearts blood was wet.
 The fight did last from break of day,
 till setting of the sun,
 For when the evening bell was rung,
 the battle was scarce done.
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain,
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron ;
 Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,
 both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 whose prowess did surmount ;
 For Withrington I needs must wail,
 as one in doleful dumps,
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 he fought upon his stumps.
 And with Earl Douglass there were slain,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,
 Sir Charles Murray that from the field
 one foot would never flee ;
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
 his sisters son was he.
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 yet saved he could not be.
 And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 did with Earl Douglass die ;
 Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
 went home but fifty-three ;
 Of twenty hundred Englishmen
 scarce fifty-five did flee ;

The rest were slain at Chevy-chace,
 under the green-wood tree.
 Next day did many widows come
 their husbands to bewail;
 They wash'd their wounds in binnish'd tears,
 but all could not prevail;
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 they carry'd them them away;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 when they were cold as clay.
 The news was brought to Edinburgh,
 where Scotland's king did reign,
 That Earl Douglass suddenly
 was with an arrow slain;
 Now God be with him said our king,
 since it will no better be,
 I trust I have in my realms
 fine hundred as good as he.
 Like tidings to king Henry came,
 within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 was slain at Chevy-chace.
 O heavy news, king Henry said,
 England can winnet ye,
 I have not any captain more
 of such account as he.
 Now of the rest of final account,
 did many hundreds die,
 Thus ends the busting of Chevy-chace,
 made by the Earle Percy;
 God save the king, and blest be land,
 with plenty, joy and peace,
 And grant henceforth that men debetes
 'twixt noblemen may cease.

